V

Where's my needle?
Fetch my thread.
I'm going to sew
a prince to my bed.

Stitch by stitch
I'll shuttle my thread
in and out
and around his head.

Over his fingers,
down to his toes,
up his crotch,
through his nose.

Be he live
or be he dead
I'll sew his heart
to my bed.

Stitch by stitch
I shuttle my thread
in and out
and around his head.

VI

Through some other
set of eyes
I have to see you,
homeboy,
fantasy charmer,
object of my desire,

my scorn,
abuser of my affections,
curse, beauty,
tough/soft young men,
masked men,
cussing men,
sweet swaggering
buffalo soldiers.

Through some other
set of eyes
I must recognize
our positions
are often equal.
We are worth more
to each other
than twenty dollars,
bags of crack,
bullets piercing our skulls.
I can't hope to help
save us from destruction
by using my bed
as a pagan temple,
a false safe house.
There are other ways
to cross the nights,
to form lasting bonds;
there are other desires
as consuming as flesh.
There are ways
to respect our beauty.

Through some other set
of common eyes
I have to behold you
again, homeboy.